

P E R I C L E S,

PRINCE OF TYRE.

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A

TRAGEDY.

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SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS INTENDED TO BE PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

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REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

*By Permission of the Manager.*

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The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation ; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

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LONDON:

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THIS Piece has very justly been excluded from the most correct editions of Shakspeare, as not being his entire production, notwithstanding which, though it cannot boast the dignity of having been found in the bottom of an old trunk, it is respectfully submitted by the present editor to the judicious reader, whether the pen of that great writer is not discernible in many parts of it: particularly in the character of Marina; the interview between her and Pericles, in the fourth act, and in various passages in the soliloquy?*

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**Dramatis Personae.**

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*Men.*

ANTIOCHUS, *a Tyrant of Greece.*  
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*  
HELLICANUS and ESCANES, *two Lords of Tyre.*  
SYMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*  
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*  
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Metaline.*  
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*  
THALIARD, *Servant to Antiochus.*  
LEONINE, *a Murtherer, Servant to Dionysia.*  
GOWER.  
Lords, &c.  
Knights *tilting in honour of Thasia.*

*Women.*

HESPERIDES, *Daughter of Antiochus.*  
DIONYSIA, *Wife to Cleon.*  
THAISA, *Daughter to Symonides.*  
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*  
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*  
PHILOTEN, *Daughter to Cleon.*  
DIANA, *a Goddess appearing to Pericles.*

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*Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.*

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## PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*The City of Antioch. Enter GOWER.*

Gower.

*To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come,  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes ;  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On Ember-eves, and holy-days.  
And lords and ladies in their lives,  
Have read it for restoratives.  
The purchase is to make men glorious.  
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhimes ;  
And that to hear an old man sing,  
May to your wishes, pleasure bring ;  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you like taper-light.  
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great  
Built up this city for his chiefest seat ;  
The fairest in all Syria ;  
I tell you what mine authors say :*



*This king unto him took a peer,  
 Who died, and left a female heir,  
 So buxsome, blithe, and full of face,  
 As Heav'n had lent her all his grace:  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke.  
 Bad child! worse father! to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none:  
 But custom, what they did begin,  
 Was with long use, counted no sin.  
 The beauty of this sinful dame,  
 Made many princes thither frame,  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage pleasures, play-fellow;  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 To keep her still, and men in awe,  
 That whoso' ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify.  
 What ensues to the judgment of your eye,  
 I give my cause, who best can testify.* [Exit.

SCENE II.

*The Palace in Antioch.* ANTIOCHUS, Prince PERICLES,  
and Followers enter.

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd  
The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus; and with a soul embolden'd  
With the glory of her praise, think death no hazard,  
In this enterprise.



*Ant.* Musick, bring in our daughter, cloth'd like a bride  
For embracements, even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, 'till Lucina reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*HESPERIDES enters.*

*Per.* See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men.  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire within my breast,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles!

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dang'rous to be touch'd:  
For death like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like Heav'n, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
And which without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.  
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,

That without covering save yon field of stars,  
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in cupid's wars;  
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
 From going on death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
 My frail mortality to know itself,  
 And by those fearful objects to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must:  
 For death rememb'red, should be like a mirror,  
 Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust in error:  
 I'll make my will then, and as sick men do,  
 Who know the world, see Heav'n, but feeling woe,  
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did.  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
 And all good men, as every prince should do,  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To Hesperides.*  
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,  
 Scorning advice. Read the conclusion then.

*Ant.* Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed  
 As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Hesp.* Of all said yet, may thou prove prosperous!  
 Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness! [*Exit.*

*Per.* Like a bold champion I assume the lists,  
 Nor ask advice of any other thought,  
 But faithfulness and courage.

#### THE RIDDLE.

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
 On mother's flesh which did me breed:  
 I sought a husband, in which labour,  
 I found that kindness in a father.*

*He's father, son, and husband mild;  
A mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last ! but, O you powers !  
That give Heav'n countless eyes to view mens' acts,  
Why could they not their sights perpetually ?  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill.  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt :  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,  
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate :  
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken ;  
But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime——  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not upon thy life,  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest: Your time's expir'd,  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;  
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it :  
Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shewn :  
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,  
Blows dust in other's eyes, to spread itself ;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear.



To stop the air would hurt them : the blind mole casts  
Copt hills towards Heav'n, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression, and the poor worm doth die for't.  
Kings are earth's Gods : In vice, their law's their will ;  
And if Jove stray, who dare say, Jove doth ill ?  
It is enough, you know it ; and 'tis fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
All love the womb that there being bred ;  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Heav'n that I had it ; he has found the meaning,  
But I will gloze with him. Young prince of Tyre,  
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,  
Your exposition mis-interpreting,  
We might proceed to cancel off your days ;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree,  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :  
Forty days longer we do respite you,  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son :  
And until then, your entertain shall be  
As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exit.*

*Manet PERICLES solus.*

*Per.* How courtesie would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like a hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain you were not so bad,  
As with foul incest to abuse your soul :  
Where now you're both a father and a son,  
By your untimely claspings with your child,  
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father)  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,



By the defiling of her parents' bed ;  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
Antioch, farewell : for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shew no course to keep them from the light ;  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets to put off the shame :  
Then lest my life be cropt to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.

ANTIOCHUS enters.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning,  
For which we mean to have his head :  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner ;  
And therefore instantly this prince must die,  
And by this fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us here ?

THALIARD enters.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call ?

*Ant.* Thaliard, you are of our chamber,  
And our mind partakes her private actions  
To your secrecy ; and for your faithfulness  
We will advance you, Thaliard.  
Behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;  
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why ;  
Because we bid it : Say, is it done ?

*Thal.* My Lord, 'tis done.

*A Messenger enters.*

*Ant.* Enough. Let your breath cool yourself, telling  
your haste.

*Mes.* My Lord, prince Pericles is fled.

*Ant.* As thou wilt live, fly after ; and as an arrow, shot  
from a well experient archer, hits the mark his eye doth  
level at, so do thou never return, unless thou say, Prince  
Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's  
length, I'll make him sure enough : So farewell to your  
highness. [Exit.]

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu ; 'till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.]

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### SCENE III.

*Tyre.* PERICLES and HELLICANUS enter, with other  
Lords.

*Per.* Let none disturb us :  
Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
By me so us'd, a guest as not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet :  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them ;  
And danger which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me ;  
 Then it is thus that passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
 Have after nourishment and life by care ;  
 And what was first by fear, what might be done,  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
 And so 'tis with me. The great Antiochus,  
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,  
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;  
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him,  
 If he suspect I may dishonour him.  
 And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He'll stop the course, by which it might be known ;  
 With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land,  
 And with the stint of war will look so huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;  
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence.  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 Who once no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,  
 Make not my body pine, and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before that he would punish.

*1 Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

*2 Lord.* And keep your mind, till ye return to us,  
 Peaceful and comfortable.

*Hell.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue ;—  
 They do abuse the king that flatter him ;  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
 To which that spark gives heart and stronger glowing :  
 Whereas reproof obedient, and in order,



Fits kings as they are men, for they may err :  
When signior sooth here doth proclaim peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please,  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else : but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. Hellicanus, thou hast  
Mov'd us : what seest thou in our looks ?

*Hell.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

*Hell.* How dare the planets look up unto Heav'n,  
From whence they have their nourishment ?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from  
thee.

*Hell.* I have ground the ax myself,  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, pr'ythee rise ; sit down, thou art no flatterer ;  
I thank thee for it ; and Heav'n forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.  
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What would'st thou have me do ?

*Hell.* To bear with patience such griefs,  
As you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Hellicanus,  
That ministers a potion unto me  
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me then : I went to Antioch,  
Where, as thou know'st, (against the face of death)  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,



Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,  
 The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest,  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth. But thou know'st this,  
 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss :  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector ; and being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
 I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years ;  
 And should he think, as no doubt he doth,  
 That I should open to the listening air,  
 How many worthy princes' blood were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope !  
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,  
 When all for mine, if I may call, offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who fears not innocence :  
 Which love to all, for which thyself art one,  
 Who now reproved'st me for it—

*Hell.* Alas! sir.

*Per.* Drew sleep out of my eyes, blood from my cheeks,  
 Musings into my mind, with a thousand doubts  
 How I might stop their tempest ere it came ;  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

*Hell.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,  
 Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
 And justly too, I think ; you fear the tyrant,  
 Who either by public war, or private treason,  
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
'Till that his rage and anger be forgot ;  
Or 'till the destinies do cut the thread of his life :  
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful, than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith,  
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

*Hell.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had, and have of subjects good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath :  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.  
But in our orbs we live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou shew'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

*THALIARD enters solus.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court ; here must I  
kill king Pericles ; and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd  
at home ; it is dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise  
fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what  
he would of the king, desir'd he might know none of his  
secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it : for if a  
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture  
of his oath to be one. Hush ! here comes the lords of  
Tyre.

*HELLICANUS, ESCANES enter, with other Lords of Tyre.*

*Hell.* You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure.  
His seal'd commission left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* How, the king gone?

*Hell.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why (as it were unlicens'd of your loves)  
He would depart? I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch—

*Thal.* What from Antioch?

*Hell.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)  
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so;  
And doubting that he had erred or sinned,  
To shew his sorrow, he would correct himself;  
So puts himself into the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, al-  
though I would; but since he's gone, the king's seas must  
please: he 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea: I'll pre-  
sent myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

*Hell.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;  
But, since my landing, I have understood,  
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hell.* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us;  
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [Exeunt.

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SCENE V.

*Cleon's Palace in Tharsus. CLEON, the Governor of Tharsus, with DIONYSIA, and others, enter.*

*Cle.* My Dionysia, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it:  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher?  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are,  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischiefs' eyes;  
But like to groves, being topt, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionysia,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it?  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep:  
Our woes unto the air, our eyes to weep,  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim  
Them louder, that if Heav'n slumber, while  
Their creatures want, they may awake  
Their helpers to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,  
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I've the government,  
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,  
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,  
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by;



Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* Oh, 'tis true.

*Cle.* But see what Heav'n can do by this our change:  
 Those mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
 Were all too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise;  
 Those palates, who, not yet to savor us younger,  
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
 Those mothers who to nouzle up their babes,  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd;  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those who see them fall,  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O let those cities that of plenty's cup,  
 And her prosperities, so largely taste,  
 With their superfluous riots hear these tears;  
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*A Lord enters.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord-governor?

*Cle.* Here, speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st  
 In haste: for comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descry'd, upon our neighbouring shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their pow'r,  
To beat us down, the which are down already,  
And make a conquest of unhappy me;  
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear:

For, by the semblance of their flags display'd,  
They bring us peace, and come to us as favourers,  
Not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like hymns, untutor'd to repeat,  
*Who makes the fairest shew, means most deceit.*

But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear, the ground's the lowest,  
And we are half way there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

*Cle.* Welcome his peace, if he on peace consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*PERICLES enters with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord-governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes:  
We've heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets;

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
 But to release them of their heavy load,  
 And these our ships, you happily may think  
 As like the Trojan horse was stuff within,  
 With bloody veins expecting overthrow,  
 Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
 And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

*Omnes.* The gods of Greece protect you,  
 And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you arise;  
 We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which, when any shall not gratify,  
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in aught,  
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
 The curse of Heav'n and men succeed their evils!  
 'Till when, the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,  
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept. Feast here a while,  
 Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [ *Exeunt.* ]

*ACT II. SCENE I.*

*Cleon's Palace. GOWER enters.*

Gower.

*HERE have you seen a mighty King,  
 His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
 A better prince, and benign lord,  
 That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
 Be quiet then, as men should be,  
 Till he hath past necessity;*

*I'll shew you those in trouble's reign,  
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain :  
 The good in conversation,  
 To whom I give my benizon,  
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can :  
 And to remember what he does,  
 Build his statue to make him glorious :  
 But tidings to the contrary,  
 Are brought t'your eyes, what need speak I.*

Dumb Shew.

[Enter at one door, PERICLES talking with CLEON, all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles ; Pericles shews the letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.

[Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

*Good Helican that staid at home,  
 Not to eat honey like a drone,  
 From others' labours ; for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keep good alive :  
 And to fulfil his prince's desire,  
 Saw'd one of all that haps in Tyre :  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And had intent to murther him ;  
 And that in Tharsus was not best,  
 Longer for him to make his rest :  
 He doing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men bin, there's seldom ease :  
 For now the wind begins to blow ;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,*



*Make such unquiet, that the ship  
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves, from coast to coast is tost ;  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne ought escapen'd but himself ;  
'Till fortune tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore to give him glad :  
And here he comes ; what shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower, thus long's the text.*

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SCENE II.

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*A Sea Beach near Pentapolis. PERICLES enters, having been  
ship-wreck'd.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of Heav'n,  
Wind, rain, and thunder! remember earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you :  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death.  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Three Fishermen enter.*

*1st Fish.* What, to pelch?

*2d Fish.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

*1st Fish.* What patch breech, I say.

3d *Fish*. What say you, master?

1st *Fish*. Look how thou stirrest now;  
Come away, I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

2d *Fish*. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men  
That were cast away before us, even now.

1st *Fish*. Alas! poor souls it griev'd my heart to hear  
What pitiful cries they made to us, to help them,  
When, well-a-day, we could scarcely help ourselves.

3d *Fish*. Nay, said not I as much,  
When I saw the porpus how he bounc'd and tumbl'd?  
They say, they are half fish, half flesh;  
A plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washt.  
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea?

1st *Fish*. Why, as men do at land,  
The great ones eat up little ones:  
I can compare our rich miners, to nothing so fitly,  
As to a whale; he plays and tumbles,  
Driving the poor fry before him,  
And at last devours them all at a mouthful.  
Such whales have I heard on a'th'land,  
Who never leave gaping, 'till they swallowed  
The whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Per*. A pretty moral.

3d *Fish*. But, master, if I had been the sexton,  
I would have been that day in the belfrey.

2d *Fish*. Why, man?

3d *Fish*. Because he should have swallow'd me too:  
And when I had been in his belly,  
I would have kept up such a jangling of the bells,  
That he should never have left,  
'Till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again.  
But if the good king Symonides were of my mind—

*Per*. Symonides!

3d *Fish*. We would purge the land of these drones,  
That rob the bee of her honey.

*Per*. How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watry empire recollect,  
All that may men approve, or men detect.  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2d *Fish*. Honest, good fellow, what's that if it be a day  
fits you,  
Search out of the kalendar, and no body look after it?

*Per*. Y'may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

2d *Fish*. What a drunken knave was the sea,  
To cast thee in our way?

*Per*. A man, whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball  
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him:  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1st *Fish*. No, friend, cannot you beg?  
Here's them in our country of Greece,  
Get more with begging, than we can do with working.

2d *Fish*. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

*Per*. I never practis'd it.

2d *Fish*. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure : for here's no-  
thing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per*. What I have been, I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on :  
A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1st *Fish*. Die, ko-tha, now Gods forbid ; I have a gown  
here, come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a  
handsome fellow: come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have



flesh for all day, fish for fasting days and more; or puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*2d Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

*2d Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too,

And so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipt then?

*2d Fish.* Oh not all, my friend, not at all; for if all your beggars were whipt, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But master, I'll go draw the net.

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

*1st Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

*Per.* Not well.

*1st Fish.* I tell you, this is called Pentapolis,

And our king, the good Symonides.

*Per.* The good king Symonides, do you call him?

*1st Fish.* Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,

For his peaceable reign and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from His subjects, the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

*1st Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday, and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the word, to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*1st Fish.* Oh, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

*The two Fishermen enter, drawing up a Net.*

*2d Fish.* Help, master, help, here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law, 'twill hardly come



out. Habots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you let me see it.  
Thanks, fortune, yet that after all crosses,  
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:  
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,  
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life:  
'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield  
'Twixt me and death;' and pointed to this brayse;  
'For that it sav'd me; keep it in like necessity;  
The which the gods protect thee, fame may defend thee.'  
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,  
'Till the rough seas, that spares not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again:  
I thank thee for't, my shipwreck now's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

*1st Fish.* What mean you, sir?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,  
For it was sometime target to a king,  
I know it by this mark; he lov'd me dearly,  
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
And if that ever my low fortune's better,  
I'll pay your bounties; 'till then rest your debtor.

*1st Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per.* I'll shew the virtue I have borne in arms.

*1st Fish.* Why, take it, and the gods give thee good on't.

*2d Fish.* But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made  
up this garment thro' the rough seams of the waters; there  
are certain condolences, certain vails; I hope, sir, if you  
thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

*Per.* Believe it I will ;  
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel ;  
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his building on my arm ;  
Unto thy value I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread :  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided of a pair of bases.  
*2d Fish.* We'll sure provide ; thou shalt have  
My best gown to make thee a pair ;  
And I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*An open Square near the Palace of Pentapolis. SYMONIDES,  
with Attendants and THAISA, enter.*

*King.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

*1st Lord.* They are, my liege, and stay your coming,  
To present themselves.

*King.* Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter here,  
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,  
Sits here like beauty's child, whom nature gat,  
For men to see and, seeing, wonder at.

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*King.* It's fit it should be so ; for princes are  
A model which Heav'n makes of itself :  
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain  
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

[The first knight passes by.]

King. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renown'd father,  
And the device he bears upon his shield,  
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second knight.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father,  
And the device he bears upon his shield,  
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady,  
The motto thus in Spanish, *Pue por dolcera chi por forza*.

[The third knight.]

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his device  
A wreath of chivalry; the word, *Me pompei provexit apex*.

[The fourth knight.]

King. And what is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch turned upside down,  
The word, *Qui me alit, me extinguit*.

King. Which shews that beauty hath his power and will,  
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth knight.]

Thai. The fifth an hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone try'd;

The motto thus, *Sic spacianda fides*. [The sixth knight.]

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the  
Knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger, but his present is



A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

*King*. A pretty moral ;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes, by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

*1st Lord*. He had need mean better than his outward shew  
Can any way speak in his just commend :  
For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To 'ave practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

*2d Lord*. He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnish'd.

*3d Lord*. And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*King*. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming.  
We will withdraw into the gallery.

[*Exeunt*.

[*Great shouts, and all cry, ' The mean knight.'*

*The King and Knights enter from tilting.*

*King*. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since ev'ry worth in shew commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast.  
You are princes, and my guests.

*Thai*. But you, my Knight and guest ;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per*. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

*King*. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.



In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed,  
And you her labour'd scholar: Come, queen o'th'feast,  
For, daughter, so you are, here take your place:  
Martial the rest, as they deserve thy grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

*King.* Your presence glads our days, honour we love,  
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

*Marsh.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*1st Knight.* Contend not, sir, for we are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*King.* Sit, sit, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is the queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavory,  
Wishing him my meat; sure he's a gallant gentleman.

*King.* He's but a country gentleman: has done no more  
Than other knights have done; has broken a staff,  
Or so; let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems a diamond to a glass.

*Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me in that glory once he was,  
And princes sat like stars about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence;  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;  
Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,

Fo he's their parents, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*King.* What are you merry, knights?

*Knights.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

*King.* Here, with a cup that's stirr'd unto the brim,  
As you do love, fill to your mistress lips,  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*King.* Yet pause a while.

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is't to me, my father?

*King.* O, attend, my daughter;  
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:  
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but, kill'd, are wondred at:  
Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,  
Here say we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold.  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take womens' gifts for impudence.

*King.* How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*

*King.* And furthermore tell him,  
We desire to know of him,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,  
My education been in arts and arms,  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas' reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwreck, driv'n upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by misfortune of the seas,  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

*King.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy,  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Ev'n in your armours, as you are addrest,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance:  
I will not have excuse, with saying that  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds. [*They dance.*  
So, this was well ask'd; 'twas well perform'd;  
Come, sir, here's a lady that wants breathing too,  
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies' trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

*King.* O that's as much, as you would be deny'd  
Of your fair courtesie; unclasp, unclasp. [*They dance.*  
Thanks gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct  
These knights unto their several lodgings.  
Yours, sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.



*King.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the mark I know you level at :  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;  
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

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*SCENE IV.*

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*Tyre.* HELLICANUS and ESCANES enter.

*Hell.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free :  
For which, the most high gods, not minding  
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that  
They had in store, due to his heinous  
Capital offence, even in the height and pride  
Of all his glory, when he was seated in  
A chariot of inestimable value, and his daughter  
With him, a fire from heav'n came and shrivel'd  
Up those bodies, even to loathing : for they so stunk  
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* It was very strange.

*Hell.* And yet but justice :  
For though this king were great,  
His greatness was no guard to bar heav'n's shaft,  
But sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

*Two or three Lords enter.*

*1st Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,  
Or counsel, hath respect with him but he.

*2d Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

*3d Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.



1st Lord. Follow me then: Lord Hellican a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome; happy day, my lords.

1st Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,  
And now, at length, they over-flow their banks.

Hell. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince you love.

1st Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Hellican;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in the grave he rest, we'll find him there,  
And be resolv'd, he lives, to govern us:  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2d Lord. Whose death indeed, the strongest in our  
censure,  
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,  
Soon fall to ruin: your noble self,  
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto our sovereign.

Omn. Live, noble Hellican.

Hell. Try honours' cause; forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear:  
(Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.)  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
To forbear the absence of your king:  
If in which time expir'd he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,

Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall, like diamonds, sit about his crown.

1st Lord. To wisdom, he's a fool that would not yield;  
And since Lord Hellican enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE V.

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*The Palace of Symonides. The King enters, reading a Letter, at one door, and the Knights meet him.*

1st Knight. Good morrow to the good Symonides.

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake  
A married life: her reason to herself is only known,  
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2d Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

King. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly  
Ty'd her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible:  
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery:  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
And on her virgin honour will not break.

3d Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[Exeunt.]

King. So, they are well dispatch'd.  
Now to my daughter's letter; she tells me here,  
She'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view, nor day, nor light.  
'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well; nay, how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer  
Have it delay'd : soft, here he comes ;  
I must dissemble it.

PERICLES *enters.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Symonides.

*King.* To you as much : sir, I am beholding to you,  
For your sweet musick this last night ;  
I do protest, my ears were never fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.

*King.* Sir, you are musick's master.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*King.* Let me ask you one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir ?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*King.* And she's fair too, is she not ?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

*King.* Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you ;  
I so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy to be her school-master.

*King.* She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What's here, a letter,  
That she loves the knight of Tyre ?  
'Tis the king's subtility to have my life :  
Oh, seek not to intrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger, and distress'd gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*King.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter ;  
And thou art a villain.



*Per.* By the gods I have not :  
Never did thought of mine levy offence ;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*King.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor !

*King.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat, unless it be a king,  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*King.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent :  
I came unto the court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state ;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

*King.* No ! here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

THAISA enters.

*Per.* Then as you are as virtuous, as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you ?

*Thai.* Why, sir, if you had, who takes offence  
At that would make me glad.

*King.* Yea, Mistress, are you so peremptory ?  
I am glad of it with all my heart.

[ *Aside.*

I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love, and your affections,

Upon a stranger ?——who, for ought I know,

[ *Aside.*

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself ?——

Therefore hear you, mistress ; either frame

Your will to mine ; and you, sir, hear you,  
 Either be rul'd by me ; or I'll make you——  
 Man and wife ; nay, come, your hands  
 And lips must seal it too : And being join'd,  
 I'll thus your hopes destroy, and for further grief,  
 God give you joy : what, are you both pleas'd ?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Ev'n as my life, or blood, that fosters it.

*King.* What, are you both agreed ?

*Both.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*King.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed.

GOWER *enters*.\*

*Now ysleep slack'd hath the rout,  
 No din but snoars about the house,  
 Made louder by the o'er-fee beast,  
 Of this most pompous marriage feast :  
 The cat with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches from the mouse's hole :  
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
 Are the blither for their drowth :  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Whence her affection fairly sped,  
 She riseth pregnant ; by attent,  
 And time that is so briefly spent,  
 With your fine fancies quaintly each,  
 What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with speech.*

Enter PERICLES, and SYMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives

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\*The present Editor has taken the liberty of altering and crossing in a trifling degree, where he met with any expression rather too indecorous for the present taste.

PERICLES a letter; PERICLES shews it SYMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him; then enter Thaisa with child, with LYCHORIDA, a Nurse; the King shews her the letter; she rejoices; she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.

*By many a dearn, and painful pearch,  
Of Pericles, the careful search,  
By the four opposing coignes,  
Which the world together joynes.  
Is made with all due diligence,  
That horse, and sail, and high expence,  
Can steed the quest: at last from Tyre,  
Fame answering the most strange enquire,  
To the court of king Symonides  
Are letters brought, the tenour these.  
Antiochus, and his daughter's dead,  
The men of Tyrus, on the head  
Of Hellicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre; but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress,  
Says to them, if king Pericles  
Comes not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown: the sum of this  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Irony shed the regions round,  
And every one with claps can sound,  
Our heir apparent is a king:  
Who dreamt? who thought of such a thing?  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre,  
His queen with child, makes her desire,  
Which who shall cross, along to go,  
Omit we all their dole and woe:*



*Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea ; then vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow, half the flood,  
 Half their keel cut ; but fortune, mov'd,  
 Varies again, the grisly north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives :  
 The lady shrieks, and well a-near  
 Doth fall in travel with her fear :  
 And what ensues, in this self-storm,  
 Shall for itself, itself perform :  
 I nil relate, action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey ;  
 Which might not what by me is told,  
 In your imagination hold ;  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.*

---

SCENE VI.

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*The Ocean. PERICLES enters on Shipboard.\**

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges  
 Which wash both heav'n and hell ; and thou that hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having called them from the deep ; O still

---

\*From this soliloquy, through the character of Pericles, the pen  
 of our great Shakespeare, is surely, at times, very discernible, as it  
 likewise is (with submission be it observed!) in that of Marina.

Thy deafning, dreadful thunders ; daily quench  
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes : O how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen ? then, storm, venomously  
Wilt thou spit all thyself ? the seaman's whistle  
Is a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard, Lychorida ! Lucina, oh——  
Divinest patroness, and my wife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity  
Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travels. Now, Lychorida.

LYCHORIDA enters.

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do ;  
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

*Per.* How ? how Lychorida ?

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm,  
Here's all that is left living of our queen,  
A little daughter ; for the sake of it  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you Gods !

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away ?  
We, here below, recall not what we give,  
And we therein may use honour with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir, even for this charge.

*Per.* Now mild may be thy life,  
For a more blustrous birth had never babe ;  
Quiet, and gentle, thy conditions,  
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world,  
That ever was prince's child ; happy that follows,  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heav'n, can make  
To herald thee from the womb :  
Ev'n at the first, thy loss is more than can  
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here :  
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

*Two Sailors enter.*

*1 Sail.* What courage, sir ? God save you.

*Per.* Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw,  
It hath done to me the worst : Yet for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

*1 Sail.* Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not, wilt thou  
blow, and split thyself ?

*2 Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine, and cloudy billows  
kiss the moon, I care not.

*1 Sail.* Sir, your queen must over-board :  
The sea works high, the wind is loud,  
And will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

*1 Sail.* Pardon us, sir, with us at sea it still hath been  
observ'd,  
And we are strong in eastern ; therefore briefly yield her.

*Per.* As you think meet, for she must o'er-board straight,  
Most wretched queen !

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear :  
No light, no fire ; the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time  
To bring thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee scarcely coffin'd, in oar,  
Where for a monument upon thy bones,  
The air remaining lamps, the belching whale,



And humming water, must o'erwhelm thy corps  
Lying with simple shells: Oh, Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,  
My casket, and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffin; lay the babe  
Upon the pillow; hie thee, while I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

*z Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,  
Caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

*Per.* I thank thee:—Mariner, say, what coast is this?

*z Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre: when can'st thou reach it?

*z Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O make for Tharsus;

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing: go thy ways, good mariner.  
I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII.

*Tharsus.* Lord CERYMON *enters, with a Servant.*

*Cer.* Philemon, oh!

PHILEMON *enters.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men,  
It hath been a turbulent, and stormy night.

*Ser.* I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return.  
There's nothing can be ministered to nature,  
That can recover him: Give this to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works.

*Two Gentlemen enter.*

*1 Gent.* Good morrow.

*2 Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

*1 Gent.* Sir, our lodging, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as if the earth did quake!

The very principles did seem to rend, and all to topple:  
Pure surprize and fear made us to leave the house.

*2 Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,  
'Tis not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O you say well.

*1 Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,  
Having rich attire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; 'tis most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compelled.

*Cer.* I hold it ever virtue and cunning.  
Were endowments greater, than nobleness and riches,  
Careless heirs may the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god:  
'Tis known, I ever have studied physick,  
Through which secret art, by turning o'er authority,  
I have together with my practice, made familiar  
To me, and to my aid, the best infusions that dwell  
In vegetives, in metals, stones; and can speak of the  
Disturbances that nature works, and of her cures;  
Which doth give me more content,

In course of true delight,  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour hath, through Ephesus,  
Pour'd forth your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd ;  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain,  
But even your purse still open, hath built Lord Cerymon  
Such strong renown, as never shall decay.

*Two or three enter with a Chest.*

*Ser.* So, lift there.

*Cer.* What's that?

*Ser.* Sir, even now did the sea toss up upon our shore  
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set it down, let us look upon it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* What e'er it be, 'tis wondrous heavy ;  
Wrench it open straight :  
If the sea's stomach be o'er charg'd with gold,  
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd, and bitum'd ! did the sea  
cast it up ?

*Ser.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as tost it upon  
shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open ; it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril ; so, up with it.  
Oh, you most potent gods ! what's here, a corse ?

1 *Gent.* Most strange.



*Cer.* Shrowded in clothes of state, balm'd and entreasur'd  
With full bags of spices, a passport to Apollo.  
Perfect me in the characters.

*Here I give to understand,  
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,  
I, King Pericles, have lost  
This queen, worth all our mundane cost :  
Who finds her, give her burying,  
She was the daughter of a king.  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity.*

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe ; this chanc'd to-night ?

*2 Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night.

For look how fresh she looks !

They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.

Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again the o'er-prest spirits.

I heard of an Egyptian that had nine hours been dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.

*One with Napkins and Fire enters.*

Well said, well said, the fire and clothes ;

The rough and woeful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, I beseech you :

The vial once more ; how thou stirrest, thou block !

The musick there ; I pray you give her air.

Gentlemen, this queen will live,

Nature awakes a warm breath out of her ;

she hath not been entranc'd above five hours.  
See how she gins to blow into life's flower again.

*1 Gent.* The heav'ns, through you, encrease our wonder,  
And sets up your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive, behold her eye-lids,  
Cases to those heav'nly jewels which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;  
The diamonds of a most praised water do appear,  
To make the world twice rich ; live, and make us weep  
To hear your fate, fair creature, rare as you seem to be.

[*She moves.*]

*Thai.* O, dear Diana, where am I ? where's my lord ?  
What world is this ?

*2 Gent.* Is not this strange !

*1 Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours ; lend me your hands ;  
To the next chamber bear her ; get linen ;  
Now this matter must be look'd to, for the relapse  
Is mortal : come, come, and, Esculapius, guide us.

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

PERICLES enters at Tharsus, with CLEON and DIONYSIA.

*Pericles.*

MOST honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone,  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyre stands  
In a peace ; you and your lady take from my heart  
All thankfulness. The gods make up the rest upon you.

*Cle.* Your shakes of fortune, though they hate you  
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen !  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you'd brought her hither,  
To have blest mine eyes with her.

*Per.* We cannot but obey the pow'rs above us ;  
Could I rage, and roar, as doth the sea she lies in,  
Yet the end must be as 'tis : my gentle babe, Marina,  
Whom, for she was born at sea, I have named so,  
Here, I charge your charity withal ; leaving her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her  
Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lady, but think your grace,  
That fed my country with your corn, for which  
The people's pray'rs daily fall upon you, must, in your child,  
Be thought on ; if neglect should therein make me vile,  
The common body that's by you reliev'd,  
Would force me to my duty ; but if to that  
My nature need a spur, the gods revenge it  
Upon me, and mine, to the end of generation.

*Per.* I believe you : your honour, and your goodness  
Teach me to't without your vows ; till she be married,  
Madam, by bright Diana, whom we honour,  
All unsister'd shall this heir of mine remain,  
Though I shew will in't ; so I take my leave :  
Good madam, make me bless'd, in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I've one myself, who shall not be more dear  
To my respect than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We'll bring your grace to the edge of the shore ;  
then give you up to the masked Neptune, and the gentlest  
winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace your offer. Come, dearest madam :  
O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears ; look to your little mis-



tress, on whose grace you may depend hereafter : Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Tharsus.* CERYMON and THAISA enter.

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer,  
Which are at your command : know you the character ?

*Thai.* It is my lords ; that I was ship'd at sea,  
I well remember, ev'n on my eaning time ;  
But whether there deliver'd, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say ; but since king Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire ;  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompence is thanks, that's all ;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*]

GOWER enters.

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd, and settled to his own desire ;  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana, there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find

*At Tharsus ; and by Cleon train'd  
 In musick, letters ; who hath gain'd  
 Of education all the grace,  
 Which makes high both the art and place  
 Of general wonder ; but, alack,  
 That monster envy, oft the wrack  
 Of earned praise, Marina's life  
 Seeks to take off, by treason's knife.  
 And in this kind our Cleon hath  
 One daughter, and a full-grown wench,  
 Even ripe for marriage sight : this maid  
 Hight Philoten : and it is said  
 For certain, in our story, she  
 Would ever with Marina be.  
 Be't when they weav'd the sledded silk,  
 With fingers long, small, white as milk ;  
 Or when she would, with sharp needle wound  
 The cambrick, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it ; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bed mute,  
 That still records within one, or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen,  
 Vail to her mistress Dion ; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute Marina : so  
 The dove of Paphos might, with the crow,  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts ;  
 And not as given ; this so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife with envy rare,  
 A present murd'rer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.*

*The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;  
 And cursed Dionysia hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath,  
 Prest for this blow ; the unborn event  
 I do commend to your content,  
 Only I carried winged time  
 Post, on the lame feet of my rhyme,  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.  
 Dionysia doth appear,  
 With Leonine a murderer.*

[Exit.]

## SCENE III.

*A Wood. DIONYSIA and LEONINE enter.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it ;  
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,  
 To yield thee so much profit ; let not conscience  
 Which is but cold, enflaming thy love bosom,  
 Enflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which  
 Even women have cast off, melt thee ;  
 But be a soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.  
 Here she comes weeping for her only mistress death :  
 Thou art resolv'd ?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.



*MARINA enters, with a Basket of Flowers.\**

*Mar.* No : I will rob gay Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy grave with flowers : the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as the carpet hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ay me, poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother dy'd !  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Hurrying me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina ? why d'ye weep alone ?  
How chance my daughter is not with you ?  
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing ;  
You have a nurse of me. Lord ! your favour's  
Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe ;  
Come, give me your flowers, e'er the sea mar it.  
Walk with Leonine, the air is quick there,  
And it pierces, and sharpens the stomach :  
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you,  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come ;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart ; we every day  
Expect him here, when he shall come and find  
Our paragon, to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,  
Blame both my lord, and me, that we have taken  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,

---

\*Marina's discourse in this scene has surely some semblance of Shakspeare's style.

Walk, and be chearful once again ; reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you ;  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.  
Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;  
Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
What, I must have a care of you.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam. Is the wind westerly  
that blows ?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was't so ?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse saith, did never fear,  
But cry'd, good seamen, to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands,  
Haling the ropes, and clasping to the mast,  
Endur'd a sea that almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this ?

*Mar.* When I was born :  
Never were waves, nor wind more violent,  
And from the ladder-tackle, washes off  
A canvas climber: ha, saith one, wilt out ?  
And with a drooping industry they skip  
From stem to stern :  
The boatswain whistles, and the master calls  
And trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear,  
And I am sworn to do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd now? as I can  
Remember, by my troth, I ne'er did hurt her  
In all my life, I never spake bad word,  
Nor did ill turn to any living creature:  
Believe me now, I never kill'd a mouse,  
Nor hurt a fly. I trod upon a worm once,  
Against my will; but I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope:  
You are well favour'd, and your looks fore-shew  
You have a very gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
Good sooth, it shewed well in you, do so now,  
Your lady seeks my life, come you between,  
And save poor me the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn, and will dispatch.

*Pirates enter.*

1 *Pirat.* Hold, villain.

2 *Pirat.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirat.* Half part, mates, half part. Come let's have her  
aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*



LEONINE enters.

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes,  
And they have seized Marina; let her go;  
There's no hope she will return: I'll swear she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea. [Exit.

PANDER, BOULT, and BAWD, enter.

*Pand.* Boul't.

*Boul't.* Sir.

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly, Metaline is full of gallants, we lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures; we have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them: if there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true.

*Boul't.* But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man?

*Boul't.* I'll go.

[Exit.

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chickens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get, when we are old?

*Pand.* Oh, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd; besides the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving o'er.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we, ay, and better too : we offend worse ; neither is our profession any trade, 'tis no calling ; but here comes Boulton.

BOULT *with Pirates, and MARINA, enter.*

*Boulton.* Come your ways, my masters. Master, I have gone through for this piece you see ; if you like her, so ; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boulton, has she any qualities ?

*Boulton.* She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes : there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boulton ?

*Boulton.* I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently : wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

*Bawd.* Boulton, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, and age ; he that will give most shall have her first. Get this done as I command you.

*Boulton.* Performance shall follow. [Exit.]

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow :  
He should have struck, not spoke ;  
Or that these pirates, not enough barbarous,  
Had o'er-board thrown me, for to seek my mother !

*Bawd.* Why weep you, pretty one ?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more's my fault to 'scape his hands,  
Where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and see gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What, d'ye stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me to be, if I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, y're a young, foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

*Mar.* The gods defend me.

*Bawd.* If it please the gods defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you. Boul't's return'd.

*BOULT enters.*

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs. I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they list'ned to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'th' hams?



*Bawd.* Who, Monsieur Verollus ?

*Boult.* Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither a while, you have fortunes coming upon you, mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly ; despise profit, where you have most gain ; to weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O take her home, mistress, take her home, these blushes of her's must be quench'd.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, i'faith, so they must.

*Boult.* But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint.

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it ?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be chang'd yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town, report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress ; thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stirs up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.



*Bawd.* Come your ways, follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Unty'd I still my virgin knot will keep.  
Diana, aid my purpose.

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? pray you, go  
with us. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.

Governor's House at Tharsus. CLEON and DIONYSIA  
*enter.*

*Dion.* Why are you so foolish, can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionysia, such a piece of slaughter,  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think you'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, I'd  
give it to undo the deed. O lady, much less in blood  
than virtue, yet a princess to equal any single crown of the  
earth, in the justice of compare; O villain Leonine, whom  
thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunk to him, it had  
been a kindness becoming well thy face; what canst thou  
say, when noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to fos-  
ter it, nor ever to preserve: she dy'd at night, I'll say so,  
who can cross it, unless you play the innocent? and for an  
honest attribute, cry out, she dy'd by foul play.

*Cle.* O go to, well, well, of all the faults beneath the  
heav'ns, the gods do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that think the pretty wrens of  
Tharsus will fly hence, and open this to Pericles; I do  
shame to think of what a noble strain you are, and of how  
coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding, whoever but his approbation

added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then; yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between her and her fortunes: none would look on her, but cast their gazes on Marina's face, whilst our's was blurred at, and held a mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough, and though you call my course unnatural, you not your child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of kindness perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heav'n forgive it.

*Dion.* And as for Pericles, what should he say?  
We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn:  
Her monument almost finished, and her epitaph,  
In glittering golden characters, express  
A general praise to her, and care in us,  
At whose expence 'tis done.

*Cleo.* Thou art like the harpy,  
Which to betray, dost with thy angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to th' gods, that winter kills the flies;  
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Tharsus.* GOWER enters.

Gower.

THUS time we waste, and longest leagues make short,  
Sail seas in cockles, harve, and wish but for't;

*Making, to take our imagination,  
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
 By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime,  
 To use one language, in each several clime,  
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you  
 To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you  
 The stages of our story. Pericles  
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
 (Attended on by many a lord and knight)  
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight;  
 Old Hellicanus goes along: behind  
 Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,  
 Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late  
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.  
 Well sailing ships, and bounteous winds have brought  
 This king to Tharsus, think this pilate thought:  
 So with his steerage, shall your thoughts grone  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone;  
 Like motes and shadows see them move a while,  
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.*

PERICLES enters at one door, with all his train, CLEON  
 and DIONYSIA at the other: CLEON shews PERICLES  
 the tomb, whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on  
 Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

*Gower. See how belief may suffer by foul show,  
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe:  
 And Pericles, in sorrow, all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-shower'd,  
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks, he swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea he bears  
 A tempest which his mortal vessel tears,*



*And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way  
To the epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionysia.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year :  
She was of Tyrus, the King's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter :  
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,  
That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th' earth.  
Therefore, the earth fearing to be overflow'd,  
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heav'ns bestow'd.  
Wherefore she does, and swears, she'll never stint,  
Make raging batt'ry upon shores of flint.

*No vizor does become black villany,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead :  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By lady fortune, while our stear must play  
His daughter woe, and heavy well-a-day,  
In her unholy service : Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Metaline.*

SCENE II.

*Metaline. Two Gentlemen enter.*

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she  
being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there ; did you ever  
dream of such a thing ?

1 *Gent.* No, no ; come, I am for no more bad houses :  
shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous. [*Exeunt.*

*The three Bawds enter.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her, she is able to undo a whole generation; when she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a Puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* Faith, she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

*Bawd.* Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguis'd.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*LYSIMACHUS enters.*

*Lys.* How now; how, a dozen of nut damsels?

*Bawd.* Now the gods bless your honour.

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your resorters stand upon sound legs, how now? wholesome impunity have you, that a man may deal withal?

*Bawd.* We have one here, sir, if she would——But there never came her like in Metaline.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

*Lys.* Well, call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

*Lys.* What, pr'ythee?

*Boult.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

MARINA enters.

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk,  
I can assure you.

Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea.—  
Well, there's for you, leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour give me leave a word,  
And I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you do.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honour-  
able man.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note  
him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a  
man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him in-  
deed; but how honourable he is in that I know not.

*Bawd.* Pray you, will you use him kindly? He will line  
your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully re-  
ceive.

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not pac'd yet, you must take some  
pains to work her to your manage; come, we will leave his  
honour, and her, together. [Exit.]

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this  
trade.

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name't, but I shall offend.



*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade,  
Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to't so young; were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman, she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing; but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come, bring me to some private place, come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, shew it now;  
If put upon you, make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How's this? how's this? some more, be sage——

*Mar.* For me that am a maid, though most ungentle  
Fortune hath plac'd me in this sty, e,  
Where since I came, diseases have been sold  
Dearer than physic; O that the gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i'th' purer air.

*Lys.* I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well ; I ne'er dream'd thou  
could'st :

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind  
Thy speech had alter'd it ; hold, here's gold for thee,  
Persevere in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee.

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you.

*Lys.* For my part, I came with no ill intent : for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Fare thee well,  
Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not  
But thy training hath been noble ;  
Hold, here's more gold for thee ;  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief  
That robs thee of thy goodness ; if thou dost hear from me,  
It shall be for thy good.

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damn'd door-keeper;  
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*

*Boult.* How's this ? We must take another course with  
you ; if your peevish chastity, which is not worth a break-  
fast in the cheapest country under the coap, shall undo a  
whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel : come  
your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me ?

*Boult.* Come your way, we'll have no more gentlemen  
driven away : come your ways, I say.

BAWD enters.

*Bawd.* How now, what's the matter ?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress ; she hath here spoken  
holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable !

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink before the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry hang her up for ever.

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball ; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods

*Bawd.* She conjures, away with her ; would she had never come within my doors ; marry hang you, she's born to undo us. Marry come up, my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bays. [Exit.

*Boult.* Come, mistress, come your ways with me.

*Mar.* Pr'ythee tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing ?

*Mar.* What can'st thou wish thine enemy to be ?

*Boult.* Why I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command : Thou hold'st a place, for which the pain'd'st fiend In hell would not in reputation change.

*Boult.* What would you have me do ? go to the wars, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou dost ; Empty old receptacles, or common-shores of filth ; Serve by indenture to the common hangman ; Any of these ways are yet better than this : For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear.



Oh, that the gods would safely deliver me from this place ;  
Here, here's gold for thee ; if that thy master would gain by  
me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sow, and dance,  
With other virtues which I'll keep from boast,  
And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee : if I can  
place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* Faith my acquaintance lies little among them ; but  
since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no  
going but by their consent : therefore I will make them ac-  
quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find  
them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can ;  
come your ways. [Exeunt.

GOWER enters.

*Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says :  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired laies :  
Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her needle composes  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;  
That even her art sisters the natural roses ;  
Her inkle, silk, twine, with the rubied cherry ;  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain*

*She gives the cursed barvd. Leave we her place,  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,  
 And driven before the wind; he is arriv'd  
 Here where his daughter dwells, and on this coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor: the city striu'd  
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence  
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence,  
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies,  
 In your supposing, once more put your sight,  
 On heavy Pericles, think this his bark,  
 Where what is done in action, more of might  
 Shall be discover'd, please you sit and bark.*

[Exit.

### SCENE III.

*On Shipboard. HELRICANUS enters, to him two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* Where is the Lord Hellicanus? he can resolve you.  
 O here he is;—sir, there is a barge put off from Metaline, and  
 in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard  
 —what is your will?

*Hell.* That he have his——call up some gentlemen.

2 *Sail.* Ho, gentlemen, my lord calls.

*Two or three Gentlemen enter.*

*Hell.* Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come  
 aboard, I pray ye greet them fairly.

*LYSIMACHUS enters.*

1st *Sail.* Sir, this is the man that can, in ought you would,  
 resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir, the gods preserve you!

*Hell.* And you to outlive the age I am, and die as I would do!

*Lys.* You wish me well;

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hell.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie before.

*Hell.* Sir, our vessel's of Tyre, in it the king,  
A man, who for these three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prolong his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperance?

*Hell.* It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main  
grief springs from the loss of a beloved daughter, and a  
wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hell.* You may, but bootless is your sight; he will not  
speak to any.

*Lys.* Let me obtain my wish.

*Hell.* Behold him; this was a goodly person, 'till the dis-  
aster that at one mortal whit drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail, the gods preserve you; hail, royal  
sir!

*Hell.* It is in vain, he will not speak to you.

*Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Metaline, I durst wager,  
would win some words from him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought; she, questionless, with her sweet  
harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and  
make a battery through his defended parts, which now are  
mid-way stopt; she is all happy, as the fairest of all; and  
her fellow maids, now upon the levy shelter that abuts  
against the inland side.



*Hell.* Sure all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit that bears recovery's name. But since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you, that for our gold we may have provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just God for every graff would send a caterpillar, and so inflict our province; yet once more let me entreat to know at large the cause of your king's sorrow.

*Hell.* Sir, sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

MARINA enters.\*

*Lys.* O here's the lady that I sent for.  
Welcome, fair one! is't not a goodly present?

*Hell.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that were I well assur'd  
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair, and all goodness that consists in beauty,  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,  
If that thy prosperous and artificial fate  
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,  
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay,  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, provided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prosperous.

[*The song.*]

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\* Whoever will compare this scene between *Pericles* and his daughter, with that of *Leontes*, in his discovery of *Hermione* in 'The Winter's Tale,' may surely discern very similar starts of fancy, and energy of expression.

*Lys.* Mark'd he your musick?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir, my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum, ha.

*Mar.* I am a maid, my lord, that ne'er before invited eyes, but have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks, my lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd; though wayward fortune did malign my state, my derivation was from ancestors who stood equivalent with mighty kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward casualties bound me in servitude; I will desist; but there is something glows upon my cheek, and whispers in mine ear, '*Go not till he speak.*'

*Per.* My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equal mine: was it not thus?—what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so, pray you turn your eyes upon me, y'are like something that, what country-women hear of these shews?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might have been: my queen's square brows, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, as silver voic'd, her eyes as jewel like, and cast as richly, in pace another Juno. Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech; where do you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger, from the deck you may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee, speak; falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as justice, and thou seem'st a Pallas for the crown'd truth to dwell in. I will believe thee, and make my senses credit thy relation to points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee back? which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'st from good descent.

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage; I think thou saidst thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, and that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, if both were opened.

*Mar.* Some such thing I said, and said no more but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story; if thine considered prove the thousand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have suffered like a girl; yet thou dost look like patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling extremity out of act. What were thy friends? how lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin? recount, I do beseech thee; come sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* Oh, I am mock'd; and thou by some incensed god sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient; thou little know'st how thou dost startle me to call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name was given me by one that had some power—my father, and a king.



*Per.* How, a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me; but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?

Motion? well, speak on, where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina, for I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! who was thy mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king, who died the minute I was born, as my good nurse Lychorida hath oft deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little; this is the rarest dream That ere dull sleep did mock sad fools withal:

This cannot be my daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottom of your story, and never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorn; believe me 'twere best I did give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable of what you shall deliver; yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,  
Till cruel Cleon with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me; and having wooed a villain  
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me,  
Brought me to Metaline.

But, good sir, whither will you have me? why do you weep?

It may be you think me an impostor: no, good faith; I am the daughter to king Pericles, if good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Hellicanus!

*Hell.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general, tell me, if thou canst, what this maid  
is,

Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

*Hell.* I know not; but here's the regent, sir, of Metaline,  
speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She never would tell her parentage.  
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

*Per.* Oh, Hellicanus, strike me, honour'd sir; give me a  
gash; put me to present pain; lest this great sea of joys  
rushing upon me, o'er-bear the shores of my mortality, and  
drown me with their sweetness: O come hither,  
'Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget,  
'Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again! O Hellicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now my  
Drown'd queen's name: as in the rest you said,  
'Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,  
And another like to Pericles thy father.

*Mar.* Is it not more to be your daughter, than to say, my  
mother's name is Thaisa? Thaisa was my mother, who did  
end the minute I began.

*Per.* Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my child! Give  
me fresh garments, mine own Hellicanus, she is not dead at  
Tharsus, as she should have been by savage Cleon; she shall  
tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel and justify, in know-  
ledge, she is thy very princess. Who is this?

*Hell.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Metaline, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you ; give me my robes ;  
I am wild in my beholding. Oh, Heav'n, bless my girl !  
But hark, what musick's this, Hellicanus ? my Marina,  
Tell him o'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter ; but where's this musick ?

*Hell.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None ? the musick of the sphere, list my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him, give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds, do ye not hear ?

*Lys.* Musick, my lord, I hear.

*Per.* Most heav'nly musick,  
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon my eyes ; let me rest.

*Lys.* A pillow for his head, so leave him all.  
Well, my companion friends, if this but answer to my  
Just belief, I'll well remember you.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*Remains on Shipboard. DIANA appearing to PERICLES  
asleep.*

*Diana.*

My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee thither,  
And do upon my altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before all the people reveal  
How thou at sea didst lose thy wife  
To mourn thy crosses with thy daughters call,  
And give them repetition to the like :



Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;  
Do't, and happy, by my silver bow,  
Awake, and tell thy dream.

*Per.* Celestial Dian, Goddess Argentine,  
I will obey thee. Hellicanus.

LYSIMACHUS *enters.*

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am for other service first;  
Towards Ephesus turn our blown sails:  
Eftsoons I'll tell why. Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your  
shore, and give you gold for such provision as our intents  
will need?

*Lys.* Sir, with all my heart; and when you come ashore,  
I have another slight.

*Per.* You shall prevail, were it to woo my daughter:  
for it seems you have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Diana's Temple at Ephesus.*

GOWER *enters.*

Now our sands are almost run,  
More a little and then done.  
This my last boon give me,  
For such kindness must relieve me;  
That you aptly will suppose,  
What pageantry, what feats, what shews,  
What minstrelsie, what pretty din,  
The regent made in Metalin,

*To greet the king ; so he thri-v'd  
That he is promis'd to be wi-v'd  
To fair Marina, but in no wise,  
'Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bad ; whereto being bound,  
The interim pray you all confound.  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they are will'd.  
At Ephesus the temple see,  
Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.*

[Exit.

PERICLES, LYSIMACHUS, HELLICANUS, MARINA,  
THAISA, CERYMON, *enter*, and others.

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre,  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa ;  
At sea in child-bed died she ; but brought forth  
A maid child called Marina ; who, O Goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus  
Was nurst with Cleon, whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder, but her better stars  
Brought her to Metaline, 'gainst whose shore riding,  
Her fortunes brought the maid aboard to us,  
Where by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour ! You are, you are, O royal Pericles.—

[*She faints away.*

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen.

*Cer.* Sir, if you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no: I threw her overboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady; O she's but overjoy'd.

Early in blustering morn, this lady was thrown upon this shore; I open'd the coffin, found these rich jewels, recover'd her, and placed her here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whither I invite you; look, Thaisa is recovered.

*Thai.* O let me look; if he be none of mine,  
My sanctity will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it spight of seeing:

O my lord, are you not Pericles?

I like him you speak, like him you are:

Did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa.

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The King, my father, gave you such a ring.

*Per.* This, this, no more, you Gods;

Your present kindness makes my past miseries sport.  
You shall do well, that on the touching of her lips  
I may melt, and no more be seen;

O come, be buried a second time within these arms!

*Mar.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Per.* Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa,  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Blest, and mine own.



*Hell.* Hail, madam, and my queen !

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say when I did fly from Tyre,  
I left behind an ancient substitute ;  
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?  
I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Hellicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation ;  
Embrace him, dear Thaisa, this is he :  
Now do I long to hear how you were found ;  
How possibly preserv'd ; and who to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerymon, my lord, this man, through whom  
The gods have shewn their power, that can from first  
To last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you ;  
Will you deliver how this dead queen re-lives ?

*Cer.* I will, my lord ; beseech you first go with me  
Unto my house, where shall be shewn you all  
Was found with her ;  
How she came plac'd here in the temple,  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision !  
I will offer night oblations to thee.  
Thaisa, this prince, the fair betroth'd of your daughter,  
Shall marry at Pentapolis.  
And now this ornament that makes me look dismal,  
Will I clip to form ;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerymon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, my father's dead.

*Per.* Heav'ns make a star of him ; yet here, my queen,  
 We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;  
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
 Lord Cerymon, we do our longing stay,  
 To hear the rest untold ; sir, lead's the way.

GOWER enters.

*In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard  
 Of monstrous lust the due and just reward ;  
 In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,  
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
 Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast.  
 Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with joy at last.  
 In Hellicanus may you well descry,  
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty ;  
 In reverend Cerymon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
 That him, and his, they in his palace burn.  
 The gods for murder seemed so content,  
 To punish all, although not done, but meant.  
 So on your patiences ever more attending,  
 New joy wait on you, here our play hath ending.*

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